

... reached the street and though

They reached the street, and though Teddie said that carriages did not drive through Poverty row, Mrs. Bell's coachman found a way. The mounted the dingy staircase, opened the narrow door, and Mrs. Bell and her daughter followed Teddie's lead, until they reached the small attic room, where patient sister Madge was seated by the one small window earning a livelihood with the needle for herself, Teddie and little Sadie. The story of the lost purse was told, and Teddie, with a timid look, said:—

"Oh, Madge, how I wanted to go out, and bring it home to you. But, then, I knew it must be wrong, and I went right back when I thought of

"Do you know, Teddie, that you won a great victory when you made up your mind not to keep what you felt certain was not yours?" said Mrs. Bell, looking at him with kindly eyes. "Great victories are not always won in the field of battle."

The visitors remained long enough to freely discuss the needs of the little family, and left a generous gift when they went away, with a promise to return in a few days. Then Teddie's curly head nestled close to his sister's arm, as he whispered:

"Was that my victory, Madge, that you say? Bell told me about?"

"Yes, Teddie. When you made up your mind to do right, that was your victory; and this big win was 'For me' because the temptation was very strong to do what was wrong. You made up your mind to do what was right, that battle with sin in your heart, and you have won the victory."

"Ain't y' glad I told, Madge?"

"Glad! I can't not tell you how glad I am, Teddie," said his sister, holding him in her loving arms for a moment while he pressed a loving kiss to his lips. "I hope you will win those victories over sin and wrong all your life. God always helps us to fight our battles if we ask Him. You see how He has answered our morning prayer far better than we could have done for ourselves. God will always hear us if we trust Him, no matter where we are; and He will help us to win our victories."

Bess and her daughter lost no time in interesting their friends and neighbors in the little white flock. It was not long after that visit before she came again, and took them all to a new, sunny room, far from Poverty

"They gathered about the bright fire in their first evening in their new home, and the cozy room with its many comforts seemed like paradise, indeed. Teddie crept close to Madge, with a lustful look on his face.

"What is it, Teddie?" she asked.

"I was thinking," he said, "how much better it was that I turned about and that pure back."

"That was your victory, Teddie. I see you it is always best, even in the world's wisdom, to obey God, and what your conscience tells you is right. God sent a friend to us because we knew you were determined to do right."

"And all this good," said the little girl, "was because of Teddie's victory."

About the Giraffe.

The giraffe is found in Africa. He is the tallest of all animals, usually put fifteen feet high. He has two short horns, covered with a hairy skin. One of the strangest things about him is his tongue, which is very long; he can put it a great way out of his mouth, and twist it round a twig or branch which he wishes to break off. He can put it inside the ring of a

The giraffe lives in herds; about twenty live together. While they are feeding, they have sentinels placed ready to give warning if an enemy is coming. They can see a great way off; their sight is keen. They are swift runners, so it is not easy for hunters to catch them.

The giraffe defends himself bravely against an enemy. When he fights, he kicks very hard with his hind-legs, and sometimes he turns his long neck round and strikes a hard blow with

head. In these ways he will conquer even a lion. But the lion sometimes attacks the ram in such a way that he can not strike. He hides himself near the stream where the giraffe comes to drink; when he is drinking the lion springs upon his back and holds on with his cruel claws. The poor giraffe runs until he is wearied out, when the lion tears him to pieces. He is easily tamed, is very loving, and licks the hand of the person that feeds him. He does not go near his

Quail was the queer name of a dog. But she was as good as her name was queer. She was fond of her master's mother, Mrs. Walsh, and once when the old lady was away on a visit missed her.

ry much. During this time a portrait of Mrs. Walsh was sent home, and when unpacked was placed on a shelf where she often sat, as it was not convenient to hang it up at once. Pretty soon Dr. Walsh heard Quail working and frisking, making so much more noise than usual that he went to see what it was about. He found her playing with joy over the portrait, and several times she jumped up and licked the face. After the picture was put in its place, she noticed it

erty time she came into the room, and would lie on the carpet watching intently. When Mrs. Walsh reentered, Quail was delighted, and cared little about the picture while she had the real friend.

The artist who painted the portrait was much pleased that the dog recognized it, and said that she paid him the greatest compliment.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

—Miss Cawhorn, of Carroll County, Tennessee, never learned to walk, and

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